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Presidential Appointments.

Those familiar with the "Madison Papers" and with "Niles's Register" will recall that, when our Federal Constitution, of which we brag so much, was a-making, a young boy, who was a delegate from New York, insisted that the President must appoint the officers. Being pressed by Madison and others, who wanted to handicap the President he took his gloves off, so to speak, and faced the issue with the bold statement that the President must be able to control the Congress, and that he could only do it through a judicious exercise of the appointive power. Mr. Hamilton carried his point. Some Presidents since his time have departed from the views which he expressed, and each one of them has come to grief. The latest was Grover Cleveland. In the inaugural address of Benjamin Harrison there is to be noted the following passage: "The duty devolved by law upon the President to nominate and, by and with the consent of the Senate, to appoint all public officers whose appointment is not otherwise provided for in the Constitution or by act of Congress, has become very burdensome, and its wise and efficient discharge full of difficulty. The civil list is so large that a personal knowledge of any large number of the applicants is impossible. The President must rely upon the representation of others. Since then there has been a semi-official announcement that no application for office will be considered unless introduced, recommended, or indorsed by the member of Congress or the Senator who represents the district or the State from which the application comes. Alexander Hamilton was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all the statesmen that this country has bred. If Benjamin Harrison is modeling himself on that type, it is time for Democrats to try and learn something themselves.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Five Good Indians.

On Monday evening last, at the camp of Chilchuana on the San Carlos river, fourteen miles north of the San Carlos agency, the noble red man again amused himself in the bloodthirsty manner common to this "much abused" specimen of mankind by a fewin drunk, with the result that there are now five less Indians. A buck known as Tonto, his father and one of his squaws, were killed outright. John Closskey's son was shot in the right breast, and an old Indian was speared through the back both of whom have since died. When the brawl commenced to wax warm, Chief Chilchuana and his immediate followers withdrew, leaving the participants to fight to a finish, which they did in a manner quite satisfactory to the civilized population of the vicinity. No arrests have been made by the authorities they evidently thinking we have five more good Apaches.—Stockman.

The Wilcox Stockman says: "The sale of the Silver Leaf and Silver Top mines, located north of Grant and owned by the Morris brothers, of this place, will undoubtedly be consummated at an early date. The mines were bonded a couple of months ago to Col. Geo. Roberson and Major Fred Smith, of Tucson, and this week Colonel Roberson arrived here, accompanied by Judge Luke Palmer, an expert representing some Burlington, Iowa, capitalists, and with Mr. T. D. Morris, went to the mines. Judge Palmer was very favorably impressed with them, and it is expected that when he returns to Burlington (he is now en route there) and makes his report, the sale will be closed."

An appropriation has been made by Congress for the survey of the White Mountain or San Carlos Indian Reservation.

Deep Sea Desolation.

Despite some fanciful pictures which some writers have drawn of the ocean bed, its desolation, at least in its deepest parts, must be extreme. Beyond the first mile is a vast desert of slime and ooze, upon which is constantly dripping a rain of dead carcasses from the surface, which carcasses supply the nourishment for the scanty fauna inhabiting the abyssal region—in some places more than five miles from the sunshine—and the microscope reveals that the slimy matter covering the deepest ocean bed is very similar in composition to the ancient chalk of the Cretaceous period, while mixed with it here and there are minute metallic and magnetic bodies which have proved to be dust from meteorites. At long distances a phosphorescent light gleams from the head of some passing fish, which has strayed thither from a higher and happier zone. But it is not until we have mounted a good deal nearer the surface that the scene changes for the better. We now meet with forests of brilliantly colored sponges, while the phosphorescent animals swimming about are much more numerous, and the nearer we get to the littoral zone more and more phosphorescent light appears, till at length the scene becomes truly animated. When only 1,200 feet separate us from the sunshine we come upon the first seaweed and kelp (1,200 feet is the deepest limit of plant life in water), but we must rise still another 1,000 feet and more, and get as near the top as 130 feet before we find any reef-building corals. As plants do not live in deep sea, the deep-sea animals either prey on one another or get their food from dead organisms and plants which sink down to the bottom. Thus Maury says: "The sea, like the snow cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." An experiment proves that a tiny shell would take about a week to fall from the surface to the deepest depths. Since sunlight does not penetrate much farther than the littoral zone there would be beyond this perpetual darkness, but for phosphorescence. Many of the animals inhabiting the continental and abyssal zones have merely rudimentary eyes; but these blind creatures have very long feelers, which help them to grope their way along the bottom. Other deep-sea animals, on the contrary, have enormous eyes, and these very likely congregate around such of their number as are phosphorescent, and may perhaps follow the moving lampposts about wherever they may go. And so bright is this light on many of the fish brought up by the dredge that during the brief space the animals survive it is not difficult to read by it. The reason why fishes and mollusks living more than three miles under water are able to bear a pressure of several tons is that they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow through every interstice and thus to equalize the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish. In the Challenger expedition sent out by the British Government all the sharks brought up from a depth of little less than three-quarters of a mile were dead when they got to the surface of the sea.—Catholic Magazine.

The idea is being promulgated in Tucson of organizing an "Anti-Treating Society." The acquirements to be that no member belonging to said society shall either treat or allow himself to be treated at a public bar-room.

Wm. Larkins, Clerk of the District Court of Mohave county, was accidentally shot last week while going to a dance. He received quite a serious wound.

Her Two Husbands.

A few years ago a scene occurred on a Mississippi river steamboat which had its termination in a Los Angeles divorce court a short time ago. The case is most singular, and has a moral that should be remembered by self-willed girls. As the story goes, a young Englishman was doing the Southern States and was on his way from New Orleans to St. Louis. He was both handsome and wealthy, and had been lionized by numerous mothers who were the possessors of marriageable daughters, but he steered clear of their little traps until he boarded the steamer, when he looked for the first time into the dark, luminous eyes of a young Southern belle, who had never before been beyond the reach of a mother's loving hand. She was under the care of her old black nurse, but the young Englishman had been hit hard, and the two young people were together almost all the time during their stay on the steamer. Before the steamer reached St. Louis the old negro woman discovered or thought she did, that the Englishman and her charge were too intimate, and a great hue and cry was raised.

There were quite a number of Southern men on the steamer, and as soon as they heard the story made up there minds that a marriage should take place without delay. The newly married pair remained in St. Louis until the young lady's mother could be notified of the sudden addition to her family. The meeting was something terrible to see, for when the mother was made fully acquainted with the story she went from one fainting fit into another, until the physicians who had been hastily called in despaired of her life, and informed her daughter and son-in-law that she would never recover. And she never did; for in three days after the meeting she died, and the sorrowing daughter, whose one false step had brought so much grief into the world, again took the steamer to escort the remains of her mother to their last resting place in her far-off southern home.

After the funeral it became apparent to the young husband that if he did not remove his girl-wife from the immediate neighborhood of her mother's grave, he would soon be called upon to attend another funeral.

He at once made up his mind to come to California, and the couple made their way to Los Angeles and settled here.

But a dark cloud appeared on the horizon, and the old saying that true love never did run smooth was never more fully illustrated than the sequel to this strange story will prove.

The dark cloud was none other than a dashing blood from the East, who met the young wife by accident and at once proceeded to fall desperately in love with her.

As is always the case, her false step was brought before the husband and a frightful scene followed. The false friend disappeared and the couple separated. The husband expected his young wife to follow her lover, and he proceeded to file a complaint for divorce. But the wife remained in the city and the divorce was brought to trial very soon after the complaint was filed. As soon as the decree of divorce was issued the husband ceded all of his Los Angeles property to his ex-wife and left the city, and from that day to this he has not been heard from, although it is believed by his friends that he has gone to San Francisco and has entered into a whirlpool of dissipation that will land him in an early grave. As soon as the divorce was granted, the wife wrote to the man who had separated her from her husband, and informed him of what occurred. In a few days he was by

her side, but instead of sinking her deeper in disgrace, he proposed marriage, and a second time in her short life she was led to the altar.

She and her husband are living happily on the property of the first husband, and when he is made acquainted with these facts he may make up his mind to take a hand in the management of affairs.—S.F. Examiner.

The Land Bill.

Senate Bill 2511, which passed the Senate February 28th and the House March 1st, by the adoption of the report of the conference committee, was approved by the President Saturday, March 2d.

The first section withdraw all public lands from sale at private entry. The second section grants an additional homestead right to all persons who, having heretofore filed upon a tract as a homestead, failed from any cause to perfect title, and also empowers those holding existing pre-emption claims to change them into homestead entries regardless of whether or not they have previously perfected title to a homestead.

The third section allows settlers to be absent from land filed on as a pre-emption or homestead in cases of drouth, grasshopper plague, or other such cases of urgency.

The fourth section reduces the price of all lands in limits of forfeited land grant to \$1.25 per acre.

The other section of the bill relate to additional homestead entries, to the protection of settlers in making final proof and the like, and no other public land law affecting the lands in Arizona and the west is either amended or repealed.

Amendment to the Fence Bill, Passed Tuesday, March 12th.

Strike out sections 5, and 6. Have section 4 read as follows: "The Boards of Supervisors of the counties of the Territory are hereby empowered, authorized, and it is made their duty, within thirty days after the passage of this Act, at a special meeting called for that purpose, to designate districts within which owners or persons in possession of lands shall or shall not fence the same. They designate such districts by numbers and well marked boundaries, according to natural objects or government lines, which action shall be spread upon the minutes and become a part of the records of the Board."

Have section 5 read as follows: "After they have designated and marked the exterior boundaries of said districts, they shall cause to be published in some newspaper, published in the county, a copy of such proceedings as are provided in the preceding section, once a week for four successive weeks, after which last said publication said fence districts or no-fence districts as established by the Board of Supervisors under this act, shall be the law of this Territory governing the same, and in all suits, civil or penal, that may arise after such publication shall be the law to govern the courts in which such suits may be brought under this Act."

In addition to the product of our mines last year, some 10,000,000 ounces of silver were extracted in the United States from foreign ores and bullion, principally Mexican. The coinage of the mints during the year was as follows: gold, \$31,380,808; silver dollars, \$31,990,833; subsidiary silver, \$1,034,773; minor \$912,201; total, \$65,318,615. The import of gold bullion and coin was \$11,031,941, and the export \$34,619,667, a loss by export of \$23,587,726. The import of silver was \$21,592,062, and the export \$29,895,222, a loss by export of \$8,303,160. The metallic stock of the United States January 1, 1889, including bullion in the mints awaiting coinage, is estimated to have been, gold, \$705,072,975; silver, \$403,516,756; total, \$1,108,589,731.

Crime and Criminals.

Dr. Talmage is the only man of note who positively denies that crime is on the increase. He declares that the country is growing better, and thinks that we shall be all right in another century. Others, however, say that the outlook is dark. Crime costs our people perhaps \$100,000,000 a year. We have 50,000 convicts in our penitentiaries, and fully 500,000 prisoners pass through our county jails in the course of a year. Few of the criminals ever reform. Some good men take the position that they can not be reformed. Female criminals especially are regarded as a tough lot. Elbridge Gerry, a man of great experience, says that not more than one out of five hundred loose women can be reformed, but he admits that something might possibly be done with those under the age of sixteen. Various causes are suggested as the sources of crime. Some say poverty, while others say rum, gambling, or inborn vicious tendencies. I is enough to know that we have reached the high-water mark. In 1850 we had one criminal to every 30,442 of population; in 1860, one to every 1,647; in 1870, one to every 1,021; in 1880, one to every 837. So we go, and if we are to follow the sliding scale downward there will come a time when ever person in the country will be on the black list. What are we going to do about it.—Atlantic Constitution.

The Market for Texas Beef.

It appears that, to some extent, there is a new market opening for Texas cattle, large shipments having been made recently to the City of Mexico from the southern part of the state. The demand or desire in Mexico for Texas cattle has ever been great, so great in some cases that the animals would be driven across the Rio Grande without any contract or sale having been entered into. But the transactions of late are legitimate ones and the City of Mexico, not being able to get needed supplies from her own ranchmen, is buying heavily of Texas people. The Del Rio Record, of a recent date, referring to the matter, says: "Mr. Anthony Frost, a young stockman of the Pecos, says he intends to ship all his beef cattle to the City of Mexico in the future. Mr. Will Blocker, well known to Texas stockmen, is now buying and shipping cattle to Mexico. He has a six months' contract with dealers in the City of Mexico to supply them with 1,000 head per week. He gets \$20 per head for good cows. He is filling his contract from along the Rio Grande country. Mr. Ike Stevens, another extensive stock dealer, who has for years past operated in northern Texas, has also forsaken the Chicago and Kansas City markets, and turned his attention to the City of Mexico.

"Whether the new outlet for Texas cattle is to be permanent or temporary has yet to be determined. But be that as it may, even a temporary weeding out of the surplus stock at fair prices is of benefit to southwest Texas. At any rate it is a matter worth looking into by other stockmen who wish to dispose of cattle."—Fort Worth Gazette.

The Albuquerque Citizen has news from the Navajo country that the Indians will commence shearing their immense flocks about the first of April. Last season they sheared about 1,000,000 pounds of wool, and it is said that this season the output will be increased nearly 500,000.

Several Indians belonging to a tribe in the Indian Territory are searching at Moor's Hill, six miles from Columbus, Indiana, for treasure which, according to traditions and records of the tribe has been buried there.

Didn't Know the Language.

A gentleman who has but recently returned from California was met at the Weddell House recently. He is an interesting conversationalist and a master of the Spanish language. "The letter j in Spanish," said he, "is a puzzler to those who first attempt to learn the language. I will tell you a story I read in a California paper that will illustrate this: A few days ago a stranger from the unconverted wilds of the East, where mugwumpery was born and tenderfeet attain their highest state of sensitiveness, came out to Pasadena to visit a friend. While walking along Fair Oaks avenue one day he said to his companion:

"There goes a man I met at La Junta," giving the j its natural sound.

"You mean La Hunta," replied his friend. "That is a Spanish name, and in that language j takes the sound of h."

"Well, I must try to catch on to that."

"After strolling a short distance further, he asked: "

"Where are the caves of La Jolla, which I see so much about in the papers?"

"You should say La Hoya caves. They are about three miles this side of San Diego."

"Darn the language! It breaks me all up. That's a pretty nice house over there—that's Armijo's house, isn't it?" And again he gave the j its proper pronunciation.

"You mean the Armehe house. Yes, it's a good one, too."

"Damsicha way of abusing the English alphabet. I reckon then that must have been Hevene's store I stopped at in Los Angeles?"

"No, that's not a Spanish name. I think it is French; however, it is pronounced as spelled, Jevene."

"Well, how in Santa Fe is a fellow going to tell which is Spanish and what isn't? Why couldn't they build their language on the original plan?"

"Oh, you'll soon catch it. You will find it safest to give the Spanish pronunciation to nearly everything here."

"An hour later he sat down to the elegantly furnished table at the Carleton Hotel, and after scanning the bill of fare said to the waiter:

"You may give me a nice huicy piece of roast beef, some fricaseed hack rabbit, some pork with apple helly, some boiled potatoes with currant ja—I mean currant ham, and ah, some—"

"At this point the waiter swooned and the guests in the room let out a roar of laughter that gave the chandeliers the chills and fever. This made the stranger mad, and he leaped to his feet like a crazy man, took off his coat and howled."

"You fellows are trying to play me for a sucker, but, by the eternal, you've struck the wrong snag. I am a disguised cyclone from Illinois, and can lick the whole crowd. Spanish? I can sing more Spanish in a holy minute than Montezuma could in a whole year. Let some idiot pull off his hacket and hump into me, and the first time I hit him he will think he has the himhams. Spanish? My name is Jeremi—I, I mean Heremiah Hones from Hacksonville, Illinois, and when my dander's up I'm a raving hyena. You play me for a sucker, but you musn't hudge a man by his looks. Whoop! go around the hubilee. Somebody come and face me. Let some himcrow galoot come to the front and criticise my Spanish har-gon."

"His friend got hold of him and took him from the room through the door. "I can take vokes me for play me fe Leader."